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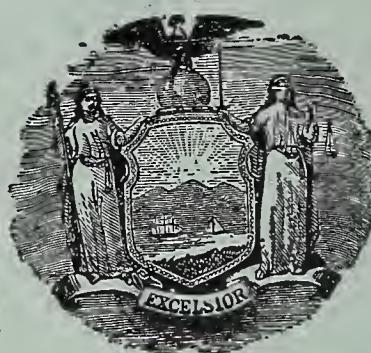
State of New York

Department of Public Instruction.

Lovely flowers are the smiles of God's goodness.—*Wilberforce*

STATE OF NEW YORK

Department of Public Instruction



ARBOR DAY ANNUAL

MAY 4, 1900

Nature is loved by what is best in us.—*Wordsworth*

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SUGGESTIONS

Several weeks before Arbor day some object in nature should be given to each pupil to study so that the results of personal observations may be contributed to the celebration of the day. The older girls and boys may make a profitable study of trees of the neighborhood. Have each pupil select a tree, measure its height and girth, examine its bark and manner of branching, and its leaves and their arrangement. Drawings of the trees before and after the leaves appear may be made and the grain of the wood, the commercial value of the tree, its beauty and strength described. Children of the primary grades may sow seeds in little pots or boxes in time to exhibit the plants on Arbor day. The nature-study bulletins sent out from Cornell university will help teachers in planning work for their pupils. The literary selections found in the annual or gathered by teachers should be a means of impressing upon pupils that a close observation of nature and her ways has afforded pleasure and profit to people who are widely known through their writings. An exhibition of their drawings and the written accounts of what they have learned from some tree, plant, insect, bird or flower, will not only decorate the schoolroom and interest parents, but will make the day of value to the pupils. In a large school it is impracticable to have all pupils appear in a well-arranged program, but it is possible to have each child make some contribution of work.

Arbor day affords an opportunity for improving the school grounds, and teachers must be constant in their efforts to carry out the suggestions in last year's annual if the desired results are to be accomplished. Arbor day annuals are the property of the school district and should be preserved by teachers and trustees for future use. Choose a committee of pupils, whose duty it shall be to care for the trees which are planted and report next Arbor day.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM

- 1 Responsive reading from the Scriptures—"The lesson of the season"
- 2 Recitation or song—"Ode" - - - - - *Addison*
- 3 Reading of the Arbor day law
- 4 Superintendent's letter to school officers and teachers
- 5 Song
- 6 Recitation—"The house of the trees" - *Ethelwyn Wetherald*
- 7 Essay—"What I have learned from an oak tree". A pupil
- 8 Reading—"The oak" - - - - - *Oliver Wendell Holmes*
- 9 Superintendent's letter to the children of the public schools
- 10 Recitation—"A bouquet of wild flowers". Several girls
- 11 Song
- 12 Reading—"Grand old trees"
- 13 Recitation—"A little wild apple tree" - *Margaret Vandegrift*
- 14 Essays—"Five reasons for planting trees"—a) Climate. b) Health. c) Economy. d) Birds. e) Ornamentation. Five pupils
- 15 Marching song—"The song of the trees" - *Mary Luella Kniskern*
- 16 Planting of trees

SUPERINTENDENT'S LETTER TO OFFICERS AND TEACHERS

In obeying the state law which has given us Arbor day, it is earnestly hoped that all persons connected with the schools will participate in a manner so hearty that citizens everywhere will become interested in the celebration. This movement has been started with the desire not only to beautify the immediate surroundings of schoolhouses, but to secure the help of every citizen of the state in planting as well as preserving trees. Just what shall be accomplished by this law will depend upon the spirit and intelligence with which school officers and teachers observe the day. In our state, where vegetation is so luxuriant, there are little schoolhouses—the picture of desolation—standing without shade, or shrub or graceful vine. People marvel that children are destructive and cruel, but it is not strange that their natures partake of the harshness of their surroundings. Make the school ground beautiful with trees and plants given into the keeping of the children, and their natures will be softened by the gentleness and sweetness of the life and growth for which they care. Read again in the annual for last year the valuable suggestions from the bureau of nature study at Cornell university for making school grounds attractive.

Our state affords excellent advantages to teachers for fitting themselves to guide children in their study of nature. At the teachers institutes instruction along this line is given, and the bureau of nature study at Cornell university is ever ready to render all possible assistance, while the summer institutes provide opportunities for practical out door study with competent instructors. The state is doing this for the education of its children, that they may become cultured and refined, not only appreciating the necessity for husbanding and increasing the productivity of the soil, but loving the beauty and life of trees, plants and animals. Teachers who are interested in the progress of all that has for its object the betterment of mankind will not feel the burden of their responsibility, but rather rejoice in their participation in this progress. Those who are not helping are hindering the great work, and need to be anxious concerning their responsibility. The schools should not regard Arbor day as the sole means for teaching nature to pupils, but rather as a celebration that should be the out-growth of the lessons of the preceding months, and in which the planting of trees should be an intelligent expression of thought and feeling.

Reports from states where Arbor day has been observed for several years are filled with accounts of benefits which have come through the planting of trees. Foreign nations are employing the same means to protect and increase the growth of forests.

With the earnest wish that the material gain to the state through this day may be supplemented by the enrichment of the lives of the people from their contact with nature, I am,

Faithfully yours

Charles R. Skinner
State Superintendent

SUPERINTENDENT'S LETTER TO THE CHILDREN OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS OF THE EMPIRE STATE:

As this annual goes forth with its various messages I also have one which I wish to send to you. First, accept my greeting and the hope that all the gladness of the springtime may fill your lives. Something surely is wrong if girls and boys are not happy with the world of brightness and beauty about them. To-day books are put aside; there are no lessons to be learned from them; there will be no marks given for poor or good recitations; with all the sense of freedom you welcome Arbor day as you would welcome a holiday. I am glad that you do, and I would not take the holiday spirit from you. I wish there were more days when you could lay aside your schoolroom tasks and go forth into the fields and woods until, like Hiawatha, you have

" Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets "

Important lessons are there, as you may discover from the words of the students of nature who have spoken to you to-day through this annual. You have the sympathetic companionship of these people who have looked deeply into nature's ways and have left to us the stories of things they have seen. As the annual introduces you to these writers, find out about them, make them your friends, and learn through your observation of the life and habits of plants and animals to understand what they say.

Remember that you are doing a truly patriotic act when you make your school grounds attractive. One who has never been to war may be the best kind of a patriot, if he has learned to serve his country by making the town in which he lives better because of what he is and what he does. Caring for and planting trees, planting shrubs and vines, yes, even sowing flower seeds which give beauty and pleasure, are acts which make girls and boys patriotic, if they catch something of the meaning of what they do. Whatever improves the town affects the county and the state and may truthfully be said to be a service to our country. Earn the right to salute the flag because of something which you have done to serve your country. Arbor day gives to you the opportunity for such a service, and when you sing " My country, 'tis of thee " you may remember that you have done something not only for the town or village in which you live, but for America.

With true holiday spirit celebrate this day which our state has set apart for the planting of trees, but above all cultivate the spirit of usefulness to country and mankind, without which the celebration is meaningless.

Your sincere friend

Charles R. Skinner
State Superintendent

THE LESSON OF THE SEASON

The heavens declare the glory of God ; and the firmament showeth his handy-work.

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.

There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.

Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.

* * * * *

God be merciful unto us, and bless us ; and cause his face to shine upon us ; Selah.

That thy way be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations.

Let the people praise thee, O God ; let all the people praise thee.

O let the nations be glad and sing for joy ; for thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth. Selah.

Let the people praise thee, O God ; let all the people praise thee.

Then shall the earth yield her increase ; and God, even our own God, shall bless us.

God shall bless us ; and all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE ON ARBOR DAY

The following table gives the number of school districts in New York state which have observed the day and the number of trees planted each year since the law went into effect :

Year	Number of districts	Trees planted
1889	5681	24,166
1890	8106	27,097
1891	8956	25,786
1892	8809	20,622
1893	8783	15,973
1894	9057	16,524
1895	8450	15,073
1896	9823	16,569
1897	9921	17,975
1898	9885	18,429
1899	9883	16,357
Total		<u>214,571</u>

In June 'tis good to lie beneath a tree
While the blithe season comforts every sense.
Steeps all the brain in rest, and heals the heart,
Brimming it o'er with sweetness unawares.

— Lowell

ODE

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim ;
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth ;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ?
What though no real voice or sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found ?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine!"

—*Joseph Addison*

SONG ON MAY MORNING

Now the bright morning star, Day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.

Hail beauteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth and youth, and warm desire !
Woods and groves are of thy dressing ;
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing,
Thus we salute thee with an early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

—*Milton*

ARBOR DAY ADOPTED IN ITALY

Arbor day has been officially entered on the list of public fete days in Italy. The gradual disappearance of trees and of whole forests under the ax of ruthless speculators has for several years past formed the subject of urgent reports to the ministry of agriculture, as inundations and all the minor ills which follow in the train of injudicious destruction of trees have increased alarmingly.

At last Dr Guido Baccelli, the minister of public instruction, proposed the institution of an Arbor day, in imitation of that which is celebrated in the United States. Queen Margherita, herself a friend of "old patrician trees," warmly supported the idea, which found a magnificent realization recently, when the ceremony of planting several trees near the sacred grove of Egeria, on the Appian way, was performed in the royal presence, while 7000 school children sang a chorus in honor of the noble forest, which long ago covered the Roman campagna. A similar ceremony was performed in every town, village and hamlet of Italy, and Arbor day may be said to have taken a firm footing and an honorable position on the list of Italian national fêtes.

The history of the life of a forest is a story of the help and harm which the trees receive from one another. On one side every tree is engaged in a relentless struggle against its neighbor for light, water and food, the three things trees need most. On the other side, each tree is constantly working with all its neighbors, even those which stand at some distance, to bring about the best conditions of the soil and air for the growth and fighting power of every other tree.

The life of a community of trees is an exceedingly interesting one. A forest tree is in many ways as much dependent upon its neighbors for safety and food as are the inhabitants of the town upon one another. The difference is that in a town each citizen has a special calling or occupation in which he works for the service of the commonwealth, while in the forest every tree contributes to the general welfare in nearly all the ways in which it is benefited by the community. A forest tree helps to protect its neighbors against the wind, which might overthrow them, and the sun, which is ready to dry up the soil about their roots or to make sun cracks in their bark by shining too hotly upon it. It enriches the earth in which they stand by the fall of its leaves and twigs, and aids in keeping the air about their crowns, and the soil about their roots, cooler in summer and warmer in winter than it would be if each tree stood alone. With the others it forms a common canopy under which the seedlings of all the members of this protective union are sheltered in early youth, and through which the beneficent influence of the forest is preserved and extended far beyond the spread of the trees themselves.

But while this fruitful co-operation exists, there is also present, just as in a village or a city, a vigorous strife for the good things of life. For a tree the best of these, and often the hardest to get, are water for the roots and space and light for the crown. In all but very dry places there is water enough for all the trees, and often more than enough, as, for example, in the Adirondack forest. The struggle for space and light is thus more important than the struggle for water, and as it takes place above ground it is also much more easily observed and studied.

Light and space are of such importance because the leaves can not assimilate and digest food except in the presence of light and air. The rate at which a tree can grow and make new wood is decided chiefly by its ability to assimilate and digest plant food. This power depends upon the number, size and health of the leaves, and these, in turn, upon the amount of space and light which the tree can secure.

The story of the life of a forest crop is, then, largely an account of the competition of the trees for light and room, and, although the very strength which enables them to carry on the fight is a result of their association, still the deadly struggle, in which the victims are many times more in number than those which survive, is apt alone to absorb the attention. Yet the mutual help of the trees is always going quietly on. Every tree continually comforts and assists the other trees, which are its friendly enemies.

A primer of forestry by Gifford Pinchot

In the woods a man casts off his years, and at what period soever is always a child.—*Emerson*

The coffee tree came originally from Arabia. In a wild state it grows from fifteen to twenty-five feet high; in cultivation it is grown from six to ten feet high, and is made to assume a pyramidal form. The leaves are evergreen, oblong, leathery and very glossy. Its small, snow-white flowers, which have a delicious odor, are succeeded by scarlet fruit resembling a small cherry. Within the fruit lie two pale brown seeds, face to face, which, when roasted, is the coffee we use.

The cocoa tree, from which cocoa is produced, is a native of the West Indies. It varies from fifteen to eighteen feet in height. The leaves are large and oblong, and the clusters of white, pink-stained flowers are usually attached directly to the trunk, or to the base of the boughs. The rough, leathery pods, about ten inches long and five inches wide, contain from twenty-five to fifty brown seeds, surrounded by a pinkish, acid pulp, like that of a watermelon. The beans are roasted, then ground between hot rollers.

The clove tree is a native of the Molucca islands; it grows from fifteen to forty feet high. The leaves are large, oblong and evergreen. Cloves are unexpanded flower buds. The buds at first are pure white, which changes to green, and then to bright red when they are ready for the harvest. If ungathered they develop into beautiful flowers, which are succeeded by a dark purple berry. The buds when gathered are at first dried by wood fires, and then in the sun.

The cinnamon tree is found in Ceylon, and attains a height of twenty to thirty feet. The leaves are oval, four to six inches long. The flowers are a silky gray on the outside and a pale yellow inside. The fruit is somewhat like an acorn in shape. The cinnamon of commerce is the inner bark of the tree, which is peeled off in long strips and dried in the sun.

The nutmeg tree abounds in the islands of Asia and tropical America. It is about twenty-five feet in height, with oblong leaves. The blossom suggests that of the lily of the valley, and is very fragrant. The ripe fruit, resembling a golden yellow pear, splits down the center at maturity, displaying a black nut, the kernel of which is the nutmeg of commerce; the yellowish red skin which covers the kernel is known as mace.

Allspice is the dried fruit of a small West Indian tree, which grows to a height of twenty to thirty feet. It has glossy, oval leaves about four inches long; its white flowers are followed by small dark purple berries. They are gathered by hand and dried in the sun on raised wooden floors.

THE BLOSSOMS ON THE TREES

Blossoms crimson, white or blue,
Purple, pink and every hue,
From sunny skies to tintings drowned
In dusky drops of dew,
I praise you all wherever found,
And love you through and through—
But blossoms, on the trees,
With your breath upon the breeze,
There's nothing all the world around
That's half as sweet as you.

—James Whitcomb Riley

THE HOUSE OF THE TREES

Ope your doors and take me in,
Spirit of the wood;
Wash me clean of dust and din,
Clothe me in your mood.

Take me from the noisy light
To the sunless peace,
Where at midday standeth night,
Signing Toil's release.

All your dusky twilight stores
To my senses give;
Take me in and lock the doors,
Show me how to live.

Lift your leaky roof for me,
Part your clinging walls;
Let me wander lingeringly
Through your scented halls.

Ope your doors and take me in,
Spirit of the wood;
Take me — make me next of kin
To your leafy brood.

— *Ethelwyn Wetherald*

IN THE GREEN WOODS

Oh, sweet it was, and fair it was,
In the green woods to-day,
With only tree-tops bending near,
And all the world away;
When fearing not, and caring not,
And hoping, hoping all,
My heart danced as the shadows dance
The swaying boughs let fall.

Oh, balmy was the pine-tree's breath,
Stirring its tasselled plumes;
The slender birches, maiden-white,
Leaned thro' the forest glooms;
And birch and beech and bending bush,
And brook and blossomed spray,
Were childhood voices long forgot,
In the green woods to-day.

Oh, sweet it was, and fair it was,
In the green woods to-day,
To hear the birds trill out their tunes,
And all the world away;
And fearing not, and caring not,
And hoping, hoping all,
In notes they stole from out my dreams
To hear them call and call.

Of fairy pipes the wood was full
And stir of airy feet;
The nesting robin to his mate
Sang only "Sweet, sweet, sweet!"
And far and high the hermit-thrush
Trilled his ecstatic note,
As if the song of love and death
Lived in his slender throat.

— *Martha Baker Dunn*

BIRDS LIKE PEAR TREES

The window of a room in which I used to sleep overlooked the orchard, and there was a pear tree trained against the wall, some of the boughs of which came up to the window-sill. This pear tree acted as a ladder, up which the birds came. Pear trees are a good deal frequented by many birds; their rough bark seems to shelter numerous insects. The window was left open all night in the sultry summer weather, and presently a robin began to come in very early in the morning. Encouraged by finding that no one disturbed him, at last he grew bold enough to perch morning after morning on the rail at the foot of my bed. First he seemed to examine the inside of the window, then went on the floor, and, after a good look round, finally finished by sitting on the wooden framework for a few minutes before departing.

This went on some time; then a wren came too; she likewise looked first to see if anything edible could be found in the window. Old-fashioned windows often have a broad sill inside — the window frame being placed nearly at the

outer edge of the wall, so that the thickness of the wall forms a recess, which is lined with board along the bottom. Now this wooden lining was decayed and drilled with innumerable holes by boring insects, which threw up tiny heaps of sawdust, as one might say, just as moles throw up mounds of earth where they tunnel. Perhaps these formed an attraction to the wren. She also frequently visited an old-fashioned bookcase, on the top of which — it was very low — I often left some old worm-eaten folios and quartos, and may have occasionally picked up something there. Once only she ventured to the foot of the bed. After leaving the room she always perched on a thin iron projection which held the window open, and uttered her singularly loud notes, their metallic clearness seeming to make the chamber ring. Starlings often perched on the same iron slide, and sparrows continually; but only the robin and wren came inside. Tomtits occasionally entered and explored the same broad lining of the window, but no farther. They will, however, sometimes explore the room.

I know a parlor the window of which was partly overhung by a similar pear tree, besides which there were some shrubs just outside, and into this room, being quiet and little used, the tomtits ventured every now and then. I fancy the placing of flowers in vases on the table or on the mantelpiece attracts birds to rooms, if they are still. Insects visit the flowers; birds look for the insects; and this room generally abounded with cut flowers. Entering it suddenly one day, a tomtit flew from side to side in great agitation, and then dropped on the floor and allowed me to pick it up without an effort to escape. The bird had swooned from fright, and was quite helpless — the eyes closed. On being placed outside the window in five minutes it came to itself and flew off feebly. In this way birds may frequently become a prey to cats and hawks when to all appearances they might easily escape — becoming so overwhelmed with alarm as to lose the power of motion.

— *Wild life* by Richard Jefferies

A LITTLE WILD APPLE-TREE

There's a little wild apple-tree out in the pasture,
Crooked and stunted and queer in its shape,
And it waves its long arms as the summer winds sway it,
As if it were trying its best to escape.

I have never found fruit on its gnarled, twisted branches;
Green moss clothes its trunk from its boughs to its feet;
But it blossoms each spring with the best of the orchard,
And oh, but its delicate blossoms are sweet !

On the north, by the orchard the pasture is bounded,
There decorous apple-trees stand in straight rows;
You can see that each tree has been carefully planted,
And feels it must carefully heed how it grows.

But 'tis the wild tree that the "high-hole" has chosen;
She found such a beautiful place for her nest;
The orchard is pleasant; I highly respect it,
But the little wild apple-tree 'tis I love best.

— *Margaret Vandegrift*

The best and highest thing a man can do in a day is to sow a seed, whether it be in the shape of a word, an act or an acorn.—*James Boyle O'Reilly*

GRAND OLD TREES

There have been no Methuselahs since the flood. Man's maxim of life is a century. Only the elephant and the tortoise feebly imitate the longevity of the antediluvians. But there are living things that outlive them all—things statlier far than the tallest man or the largest quadruped—living things that were companions of the gray-beards before Noah, from birth to death, and lived to bless their hoary-headed grandchildren. Such are now the only living links between us and the remote past. They are trees—grand old trees, about which memories cluster like the trailing vines. They are not numerous, and therefore more precious. In the shadows of the dark forest—in the light of the lofty hills—in the warmth and beauty of the broad plains of the great globe, they stand in matchless dignity as exceptions. They are patriarchs in the society of the vegetable kingdom, receiving the homage of myriads of children—priests who have ministered long and nobly at nature's altar—kings before whom vast multitudes have fallen prostrate—chroniclers, within whose invisible archives are recorded the deeds of many generations of men who have risen and fallen since the ancestral seeds of ancient trees were planted. With what mute eloquence do they address us! With what moving pathos do the trees of Olivet discourse of Jesus. His beautiful life and sublime death! How the cedars of Lebanon talk of Solomon, and Hiram, and the temple of the Lord in Jerusalem! How the presence of "those green-robed senators of mighty woods" stirs the spirit of worship in the human soul!

—Selected

IN DAISY DAYS

Oh! fair the earth and sweet her ways
When dawns the month of daisy days,
And bees hum in the clover;
The orchard with its sweetness fills
The light winds trooping o'er the hills,
And birds with song brim over.

'Tis then a blushing orchid's face
Peeps out from some neglected place
Where ferns unfurl their laces;
And not a flower from daffodil,
To those which brave October's chill,
Can show so many graces.

Oh! sing a song of daisy days,
Ripe strawberries in meadow ways,
And butterflies in session;
Of days when bobolinks will tell,
Above the bindweed's snowy bell,
That music's their profession.

—Katharine H. Terry

I think that no man does anything more visibly useful to posterity than he who plants a tree.—
Lowell

Nature never did betray the heart that loved her.—*Wordsworth*

Nature is thought made visible.—*Heine*

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods.—*Byron*

Laws of nature are God's thoughts thinking themselves out in the orbits and the tides.—*Charles H. Parkhurst*

Old trees in their living state are the only thing that man cannot command.—*Landor*

A friend of the tree is a friend of the race.—*John Burroughs*

THE OAK

Take the oak, for instance, and we find it always standing as a type of strength and endurance. I wonder if you ever thought of the single mark of supremacy which distinguishes this tree from those around it? The others shirk the work of resisting gravity; the oak defies it. It chooses the horizontal direction for its limbs so that their whole weight may tell,— and then stretches them out fifty or sixty feet so that the strain may be mighty enough to be worth resisting. You will find, that, in passing from the extreme downward droop of the branches of the weeping-willow to the extreme upward inclination of those of the poplar, they sweep nearly half a circle. At ninety degrees the oak stops short; to slant upward another degree would mark infirmity of purpose; to bend downwards, weakness of organization.

—*The autocrat of the breakfast-table* by Oliver Wendell Holmes

WHEN THE WOODS TURN BROWN

How will it be when the woods turn brown,
Their gold and crimson all drop down
And crumble to dust? Oh, then as we lay
Our ear to earth's lips we shall hear her say,
"In the dark, I am seeking new gems for my crown,"—
We will dream of green leaves, when the woods turn brown.

—Lucy Larcom

VIOLETS

And now the dainty violets are crowding up to see
What welcome in this blustering world may chance for them to be,
They lift themselves on slender stems in every shaded place,
Heads over heads, all turned one way, wonder in every face.

—Lucy Larcom

God does not send us strange flowers every year;
When the spring winds blow o'er the pleasant places,
The same dear things lift the same fair faces
The violet is here.

—Adeline D. T. Whitney

When beechen buds begin to swell,
And woods the bluebird's warble know,
The yellow violet's modest bell.
Peeps from the last year's leaves below.

—William Cullen Bryant

And then there are violets, tall, leafy-stemmed yellow violets; low white ones, brown-veined and sweet scented; violets of blue, of lavender, of purple, fringing the brook and paving the meadow, and flooding the swamp with waves of royal color, always returning to the old, familiar haunts, yet always seeming like new creations of amazing loveliness.

—*According to season* by Mrs William Starr Dana

The intellect of most men is barren. It is the moving of the soul with Nature that makes the intellect fruitful, that gives birth to the imagination.—Thoreau

THE SONG OF THE TREES

Arbor day marching song—Written for this annual by Mary Luella Kniskern

Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic

All the springing of the meadows and the singing of the rills,
All the glory on the mountains and the softness of the hills,
All the fragrant, flowery splendor of the Spring each bosom thrills,
And inspires the song of trees.

CHORUS: Marching with the blue sky o'er us,
Marching with the flag before us,
We will join the forest chorus
And swell the song of trees.

When the blossoms on the tree-tops fling their perfume on the breeze,
"Diamond-mirrored in the dew-drops" that are shining on the leaves,
There is naught in all the Maytime that is half as sweet as these,
As they echo the song of trees.

In the peaceful, balmy greenwood sings the oak tree to the pine,
While the beech and birch and maple join in soothing, dulcet rhyme,
"The breeze inspires the chorus and the swaying boughs keep time"
To the murmuring song of trees.

When the sylvan shadows lengthen and the year is growing old,
When they don their robes of crimson and their panoply of gold,
Then they chant an oratorio with a splendor yet untold,
In a sacred song of trees.

As we sing our song of praises of the grand old forest trees,
Wake, and join the Arbor chorus, all ye woodlands and ye leas!
Sing, and swell the mighty anthem till it soundeth like the seas,
In this festal song of trees.

LEAVES

If ever in autumn a pensiveness falls upon us as the leaves drift by in their fading, may we not wisely look up in hope to their mighty monuments? Behold how fair, how far prolonged in arch and aisle, the avenues of the valleys, the fingers of the hills so stately,—so eternal; the joy of man, the comfort of all living creatures, the glory of the earth,—they are but the monuments of these poor leaves that flit faintly past us to die. Let them not pass, without our understanding their last counsel and example; that we also, careless of monument by the grave, may build it in the world—monument by which men may be taught to remember, not where we died, but where we lived.

—Ruskin

I love thee in the spring,
Earth-crowned forest! when amid the shades
The gentle South first waves her odorous wing,
And joy fills all the glades.

—William Jewett Peabody

O, who is there within whose heart
The love of noble manhood dwells
Dares stand before God's stately trees,
Declaring that he loves them not?

—Welsh

BIRDS AT THE OLD MANSE

The smaller birds—the little songsters of the woods, and those that haunt man's dwellings and claim human friendship by building their nests under the sheltering eaves or among the orchard trees—these require a touch more delicate and a gentler heart than mine to do them justice. Their outburst of melody is like a brook let loose from wintery chains. We need not deem it a too high and solemn word to call it a hymn of praise to the Creator; since Nature, who pictures the reviving year in so many sights of beauty, has expressed the sentiment of renewed life in no other sound save the notes of these blessed birds. Their music, however, just now, seems to be incidental, and not the result of a set purpose. They are discussing the economy of life and love and the site and architecture of their summer residence, and have no time to sit on a twig and pour forth solemn hymns, or overtures, operas, symphonies, and waltzes. Anxious questions are asked; grave subjects are settled in quick and animated debate; and only by occasional accident, as from pure ecstasy, does a rich warble roll its tiny waves of golden sound through the atmosphere. Their little bodies are as busy as their voices; they are in a constant flutter and restlessness. Even when two or three retreat to a treetop to hold council, they wag their tails and heads all the time with the irrepressible activity of their nature, which perhaps renders their brief span of life in reality as long as the patriarchal age of sluggish man. The blackbirds, three species of which consort together, are the noisiest of all our feathered citizens. Great companies of them—more than the famous "four-and-twenty" whom Mother Goose has immortalized—congregate in contiguous treetops and vociferate with all the clamor and confusion of a turbulent political meeting. Politics, certainly, must be the occasion of such tumultuous debates; but still, unlike all other politicians, they instil melody into their individual utterances and produce harmony as a general effect. Of all bird voices, none are more sweet and cheerful to my ear than those of the swallows, in the dim, sun-streaked interior of a lofty barn; they address the heart with even a closer sympathy than robin redbreast. But, indeed, all these winged people, that dwell in the vicinity of homesteads, seem to partake of human nature, and possess the germ, if not the development, of immortal souls.

— *Mosses from an old manse* by Nathaniel Hawthorne

SLEEPING CLOVER

Three little leaves on the clover stalk stand,
The middle, the left and the right;
The middle's the face, each other's a hand,
And always when comes the night
The hands are folded palm on palm,
The face bent above them sweet and calm.

A restful place in the clover field
When you lean at night on the gate,
By the lantern light of the moon revealed;
For the coming of dawn they wait
With little hands folded palm on palm,
And the face above them sweet and calm.

Good-night, little comrades. Peace to you!
Soft may the breezes play!
And gently, gently fall the dew
As you sleep the hours away,
With little hands folded palm on palm,
And the bending face so sweet and calm.

— *Ethelwyn Wetherald*

Nature cannot be surprised in undress. Beauty breaks in everywhere.—*Emerson*

A BOQUET OF WILD FLOWERS

An exercise for girls of the intermediate grade

(Each pupil carries a bouquet of wild flowers, and wears a crown bearing the name of the flower which she represents. The first selection and the last selection should be repeated in concert, With the words "Wild flowers, wild flowers" of the last selection, each pupil waves her bouquet and, with the last line, extends it towards the audience.)

Everywhere about us they are growing,
Some like stars to tell us spring is born,
Others, their blue eyes o'erflowing,
Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn.

—Longfellow

HEPATICA

Its dainty blossom seems a thing so frail,
Fit for snug shelter and the breeze of May.
Yet it is first to hail the lengthening day,
Fling wide its perfumed chalice to the gale.

—J. R. Heaton

ANEMONE

Thou lookest up with meek confiding eye
Upon the clouded smile of April's face
Unharmed though winter stands uncertain by,
Eyeing with jealous glance each opening grace.

—Jones Very

BLOODROOT

A large pure flower of simple mould,
And touched with soft peculiar bloom,
Its petals faint with strange perfume
And in their midst a disk of gold.

—Elaine Goodale

ARBUTUS

Sweet welcome to thee, dainty winsome flower!
Beloved! bringing joy for April's tears,
Upspringing in the track of wintry fears
That ghostly haunt spring's timid, 'wakening hour.
The banished months have left thee beauty's
power;
The autumn, crimson blush; its snowy kiss,
The dying winter; and the summer's bliss
Of fragrance in thy breath — a precious dower!
What blossom so beloved as thou dost hide
As thou, 'neath rusty leaves that men despise?
Thus rest unseen, till covert torn aside
Thy secret yields. Then gladden with surprise
The new-born hope, some sad soul's yearning eyes,
That under death such living joys abide.

—Anne Hall

BUTTERCUP

Where do the buttercups get their gold?
Each cup is as full as it can hold.
Do the stars, I wonder, drop down in the night,
And come up in the morning in blossoms bright?
Or, does some sunbeam slip, as it passes,
Into a tangle of meadow-grasses
And stray out again in bloom manifold?
Oh! where do the buttercups get their gold?

APPLE BLOSSOMS

The orchard trees are white,
For the bright May sun is shining,
And the blossoms show
Like a drift of snow,
From a cloud with a rosy lining.

And two little bright blue eyes,
With a sweet surprise are glowing;
"Oh! mamma, I see
A popcorn tree
And the corn-ball just a-growing."

VIOLET

The violet in her greenwood bower,
Where birchen boughs with hazels mingle,
May boast herself the fairest flower,
In glen, or copse or forest dingle.

—Scott

THISTLE FLOWER

My homely flower that blooms along
The dry and dusty ways,
I have a mind to make a song
And make it in thy praise;
For thou art favored of my heart,
Humble and outcast as thou art.

—Alice Cary

DAISY

Stoop where thou wilt, thy careless hand
Some random bud will meet,
Thou canst not tread but thou wilt find
The daisy at thy feet.

—Thomas Hood

THE LILAC

The sun shone warm, and the lilac said,
"I must hurry and get my table spread,
For if I'm slow, and dinner late,
My friends, the bees, will have to wait."

So delicate lavender glass she brought
And the daintiest china ever bought,
Purple tinted, and all complete;
And she filled each cup with honey sweet.

—Clara Doty Bates

DANDELION

There's a dandy little fellow,
Who dresses all in yellow,
In yellow with an overcoat of green;
With his hair all crisp and curly,
In the springtime bright and early
A-tripping o'er the meadows he is seen.
Through all the bright June weather,
Like a jolly little tramp,
He wanders o'er the hillside, down the road;
Around his yellow feather,
The gypsy fireflies camp;
His companions are the wood lark and the toad.

—Nellie M. Garabrant

BIRTHROOT

Now about the rugged places
And along the ruined way,
Light and free in sudden graces
Comes the careless tread of May —
Born of tempest, wrought in power,
Stirred by sudden hope and fear
You may find a mystic flower
In the springtime of the year.

—Dora Reed Goodale



WILD FLOWERS

Out amid the green fields
Free as air we grow,
Springing where it happens,
Never in a row;
Watered by the cloudlets,
Passing overhead,
Warmed by lovely sunbeams
Falling on our heads.

Wild flowers, wild flowers, by the meadow rills,
Wild flowers, wild flowers, on the woody hills,
Wild flowers, wild flowers, springing everywhere,
Joyful in the glad free air.

Whoever has driven through our western states has noticed the little school-house, standing alone in the corner of a field. There is not a tree to shelter it, not a flower to smile upon it. The farmer's barn half a mile away is more finely built and stands on a more favorable site. Do he and his neighbors give more thought to the breeding and raising of cattle than to the education of their children, as they are more attentive to the strain where there is a question of their domestic animals than where their own offspring are concerned? It may be so. At all events, that little schoolhouse, hardly bigger than a dry-goods box, above which no bough waves, around which no flower blooms, near which no brook flows, is, as it stands there by the dusty or muddy road, in solitude and nakedness, weather-beaten and discolored, a better place for education, whether we consider the teacher or the pupils, than one of our great factory-like structures. It is in the country; and it is better, where there is question of health and growth of body and mind, to be a country boy and to be allowed to play with freedom about the face of nature in all her moods than to be the nursling of a palace in a great city, just as it is better, from the educator's point of view, to study the habits of an insect, even, than to gaze at the display in a shop window. The closer we come to nature the nearer we approach the source whence spring life and truth.

— The Rt. Rev. John Lancaster Spalding, Bishop of Peoria

If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou wouldest forget,
Go to the woods.—Longfellow

No tree in all the grove but has its charm,
Though each its hue peculiar.—Cooper

In summer I went out into the fields, and let my soul inspire these thoughts under the trees, standing against the trunk, or looking up through the branches at the sky. If trees could speak, hundreds of them would say that I had these soul-emotions under them. Leaning against the oak's massive trunk, and feeling the rough bark and the lichen at my back; looking southwards, over the grassy fields, cowslip yellow, at the woods on the slope, I thought my desire of deeper soul-life. Or under the green firs, looking upwards, the sky was more deeply blue at their tops; then the brake-fern was unrolling, the doves cooing, the thickets astir, the late ash leaves coming forth. Under the shapely rounded elms, by the hawthorn bushes and hazel, everywhere the same deep desire for the soul-nature; to have from all green things and from the sunlight the inner meaning which was not known to them, that I might be full of light as the woods of the sun's rays. Just to touch the lichenized bark of a tree or the end of a spray projecting over the path as I walked, seemed to repeat the same prayer in me.

The story of my heart by Richard Jefferies.

Give fools their gold; give knaves their power;
Let fortune's bubble rise and fall;
Who sows a field, or trains a flower,
Or plants a tree, is more than all.

—Whittier

A Grave Suspicion.



"The gardener's been deceiving me!
It was quite an hour ago
I planted corn here in the ground.
The gardener said it would grow.
I've watered, raked and watched it;
There's not a single blade!
The gardener's been deceiving me.
I'm very much afraid!"

TO A BUTTERFLY

I've watched you now a full half-hour
Self-poised upon that yellow flower;
And, little butterfly! indeed
I know not if you sleep or feed,
How motionless! — not frozen seas
More motionless! and then
What joy awaits you when the breeze
Hath found you out among the trees,
And calls you forth again!

This plot of orchard ground is ours;
My trees they are, my sister's flowers.
Here rest your wings when you are weary;
Here lodge as in a sanctuary!
Come often to us, fear no wrong;
Sit near us on the bough!
We'll talk of sunshine and of song;
And summer days, when we were young;
Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now.

— Wordsworth

TO A CHILD

(Written in her album.)

Small service is true service while it lasts:
Of humblest friends, bright creature, scorn not one;
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

— Wordsworth